

A young woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a pink lace-trimmed top with a ruffled waistband. The background is a plain, light color. The text is overlaid on the image.

**K.C. RIPLEY**

***Sissified  
by Cindy***

**Feminized and Exploited  
by my High School Crush**



# **Sissified by Cindy: Feminized and Exploited by My High School Crush**

by K.C. Ripley

**Author's note: All characters depicted in sexual acts in this work of fiction are 18 years of age or older.**

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My life had come to this: I was thirty years old, recently divorced, and delivering pizzas in my beat up Honda. The air conditioning had gone out in the car just last month, and June was coming up.

I'd lost my job at the bank when Julia divorced me. Her father was the manager, and he had gotten me the job in the first place. So when his little girl decided she didn't want to be married to me after five years together, Frank Dunworth looked for the first little excuse to cut me loose.

I was pretty sure she was cheating on me. I didn't have any proof, just suspicions. Towards the end she didn't want to have sex with me anymore. And she was always making some excuse to go out, dressed in short skirts, low-cut tops, and high heels. I looked at her chat history on her phone one time when she was in the shower, but she was pretty smart and she covered her tracks. Still, I was pretty sure she had at least one lover on the side.

So now I lived in a shitty one-bedroom apartment by myself. And I still had to pay the bills, but for the life of me I couldn't find another bank job, even with my experience. I'm pretty sure Frank was buddies with damn near every other bank manager in town, and he must've called around. I couldn't even get an interview.

So I turned to delivering pizzas. Sometimes the tips were okay, but all in all, it was a pretty shitty job.

I pulled up in front of a townhouse in one of the nicer parts of town, a medium pepperoni and mushroom bagged and ready to be delivered. I got out and walked up the step, double checking the address. It was nearly six o'clock, and the sun was just starting to go down. The porch light was on, even though it wasn't quite dark.

I rang the doorbell.

I had to stop myself from gasping when the door opened. In the doorway stood a beautiful woman, but not just any beautiful woman. It was Cindy Dupree, the blonde, beautiful girl I'd had a crush on all through high school. I mean, I wasn't the only one. She was drop-dead gorgeous, on the cheerleading squad, and she dated whoever she wanted. She cycled through a few guys on the

football team, but she never even looked my way. I was the awkward nerd who gazed at her from afar. We shared a couple of classes, and I only built up the courage to approach her once.

I was going ask her if she wanted to do homework together sometime, but her boyfriend at the time, Chet something, walked up to her locker while I was staring at my feet in front of her, trying to mumble the question. I don't remember his last name, but I remember him smacking me on the side of the head and telling me to fuck off and leave his girl alone. And I remember her laughing like it was one of the funniest jokes she'd ever heard.

I didn't hold it against her. I shouldn't have even been approaching her. She was way out of my league, and I got what I deserved.

But that was then, and this was now. And Cindy Dupree, as gorgeous as ever, was standing in front of me wearing nothing but a pink baby doll *négligée*. Her feet were bare, her perfect toenails painted turquoise.

Even though I recognized her instantly, I could see by her flat, disinterested stare that she had no idea who I was. And I actually preferred it that way. I was probably at the lowest point in my life since high school, and I didn't really want the girl I had dreamed about, drooled over, and imagined a thousand different masturbatory fantasies, recognizing me.

I cleared my throat. "That'll be \$12.86."

"Yeah, okay," she said, with those perfect, pouty little lips. "Come on in. I need to find my purse." She sounded as bored as she looked, and I remembered her having that same attitude in high school. For some reason, it made her seem sexy as hell, and I could feel myself getting stiff in my jeans.

She disappeared out of view, but the small dining room was just ahead, with a clear glass table with a tiny arrangement of daisies on it. So I walked the short distance down the hall, to the pizza out of the bag, and put it on the dining room table.

Cindy returned a few moments later, holding a tiny white handbag, and pulling her wallet out of. She was counting out the

money, when she looked up at me, and her eyebrows narrowed. Oh no.

“Hey,” she said. “Do I know you?”

“Hm,” I said, pretending to think. “No, I don’t think so.”

Then the unthinkable happened. Her eyes widened, and her beautiful face lit up and a smile. “Yeah, I fucking know you. You’re that creepy little dude from high school, the one who always used to come to cheerleader practice, and sit way up in the bleachers, and watch us like some kind of perv.” She laughed. “Like we couldn’t see you if you sat high up in the bleachers. You were literally the only person there.”

I blushed, and cleared my throat again. “I’m sorry, ma’am. I think you’ve got me confused with somebody else.”

She furrowed her brow again. God damn she was cute when she did that. My boner was really starting to swell.

She put her purse and the money down on the kitchen table. “Hold on,” she said, heading back out of the room.

I looked down at the money. There was a ten and a five on top of her wallet. She probably intended to give me fifteen even. I just wanted to get the fuck out of there. I seriously considered grabbing the money and just leaving. But I was frozen where I stood. As humiliating as this was, I was at least getting the chance to see Cindy again, up close, in person, wearing a sexy little nightie.

I wasn’t gonna be jerking off to porn tonight. Tonight there was only going to be one movie playing in my head as I stroked myself, and it was going to start with Cindy opening her front door. The middle and the end would go a lot differently than this, but I could fill it in pretty nicely. I had a pretty good imagination.

When she came back, she was holding a book, thumbing through the glossy pages. I almost let out a little groan when I saw it was our high school yearbook.

She stopped flipping and jammed her forefinger down onto a page. “Yeah,” she said triumphantly. “I fucking knew it.” She spun the book around for me to have a look in my own picture. There I was, as dorky as ever. I sat hunched in the picture, staring out from

under bowl-cut bangs, wearing a button up shirt that was out of fashion even five years before that picture was taken. God damn I looked nerdy. But there was no more denying it. She had nailed me.

“Oh,” I said, trying to laugh it off nervously. “Okay, sure. High school. Right.”

She saw right through me. “Come on,” she said. “You can’t seriously think I believe you don’t remember me.” She looked back down at the page. “Neil McDermott. Geez, you even sound like a loser.”

I blushed all over again, but my cock betrayed me, straining against my zipper.

“Sorry,” I said, looking my thumb at the door. “I really need to get going. I have other—”

“Right,” Cindy said. “You’ve got important matters to attend to in your high-powered job.” She laughed, looking me up and down.

At that moment, I never hated the blue and red shirt, and the stupid little visor I had to wear more.

“I can see you did real well for yourself after high school,” she said. “I figured you’d at least get yourself some nerdy little job that would at least make some money.”

“I’m kind of between jobs right now.”

“Yeah, I can see that.”

I suddenly got very defensive. “Well, what you do?” It came out sounding a lot more haughty than I had intended.

“I run my own web cam service,” she said, not skipping a beat. “I started out just doing it myself. But then I learned a little web programming, and started hiring some other girls. Now I make about a hundred and fifty K a year.”

I didn’t know what to say to that. Other than the feel a little regret that I hadn’t found her and all those years of surfing porn. I could’ve been whacking off to Cindy Dupree every night, and I gladly would’ve emptied my wallet to do so.

I wanted to get out of there more than ever now. My humiliation was complete. But Cindy was looking me up and down, a look of

contemplation on her face.

“Not very masculine, are you?” she asked.

God, she was intent on rubbing my nose into the dirt. I folded up the warm pizza bag and pointed at the fifteen dollars.

“If that’s all,” I said, “I’m just gonna—”

“Hold on,” she said. “You just got here. Your other customers can wait a few minutes. Besides, I think I might have a way for you to earn a few extra dollars, maybe even do a little better than this shitty little pizza gig you’ve got going.”

Wait a minute. Was she offering me a job? I wasn’t really paying attention. While she was talking, my eyes inevitably drifted to her round breasts. She saw me looking, and I looked up to see her smile.

She took a step toward me, moving in close. For the first time, I could smell her, the mixture of dusk and honeysuckle. All the blood rushed on my head, and I nearly passed out.

She took another step, standing just inches from me.

She whispered: “I bet you beat your meat thinking about me a lot in high school, didn’t you?”

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath. Then nodded. “Yeah, I did. Almost every night.”

“And you never really got over me, did you?”

I shook my head. “No, I didn’t.”

“Well, now maybe you can finally get your chance.”

My heart was pounding in my chest. She slid her hand between my legs, cupping my crotch. My legs trembled. I let out a low moan. I couldn’t help it.

“We could have a lot of fun, Neil,” she said. “But here’s the deal. You have to do what I say, every little word. Are you okay with that?” She gave my straining cock and swollen balls a little squeeze.

“Oh yes,” I said. “Anything.”

She smirked and raised her eyebrows. “Now that’s what I like to hear. Hand me your phone.”

She held out her other hand, the one not squeezing my dick. My phone? What did she want with that? Suffice it to say, I wasn't thinking too clearly, though. I reached into the front pocket of my jeans, and pulled out my phone, handing it to her.

"Call your work," she said. I just looked at her like an idiot.

I dialed the store. It began to ring.

"When they pick up," she said, "if it's not the manager, ask for the manager. Tell him you quit."

I opened my mouth to ask her what she was talking about, but the line clicked, and Gina picked up.

"Thank you for calling Pizza—"

"Gina?" I said. "It's Neil."

There was a pause at the other end. "Neil? Is there a problem with one of the deliveries?"

Now it was my turn to pause. As shitty as this job was, it was all I had. Cindy looked at me expectantly, raising her eyebrows.

"I..." I began. Cindy sighed, then reached up with both hands and pulled the top of her nightgown down. Her large, creamy breasts jiggled slightly as they slipped out. Her nipples were small and pink. My tongue caught in my throat. My boner threatened to split the front of my jeans.

*You want me?* she mouthed.

All at once I found my voice. "I quit."

"What?" Gina said. "You're out on four deliveries, and were backed up over here. I don't have time for jokes."

I looked at those perfect breasts, my mouth watering. I swallowed. "No joke," I said. "I quit."

"Neil, what the—" I hung up on her.

Cindy hoisted her top back up to cover her breasts. Then she smiled, and clapped her hands together. "Awesome," she said. "We are going to have so much fun."

She took me by the hand, and dragged me all the way down the hall to a closed door at the end. She opened the door and we went inside.

The room was mostly bare. A computer sat on a desk against one wall, but otherwise the room was empty except for another door which I assumed was a closet. The room was well-lit, the walls painted a light pink.

“Okay,” Cindy said. “Let’s get you started. Go ahead and strip. I’m going to get some supplies.”

Supplies? My heart was pounding now. Not only was I going to have a sexual encounter with Cindy Dupree, but she was into the kinky shit as well. I pulled that stupid visor off and threw it into the corner, and then pulled my shirt off over my head as she left the room.

I was completely naked by the time she returned, my boner standing at complete attention, waiting eagerly for her.

She ignored it, though, entering the room with a folded sheet of plastic in one hand and a bucket in the other. She set the bucket down, and spread out the blue plastic tarp in the middle of the floor.

Then she handed me a pink disposable razor. “All right,” she said. “I want you clean-shaven from the ears down.”

“What?” I asked. “I don’t—”

She stepped up close to me, the hem of her silky lingerie brushing lightly against my throbbing cock, making me dizzy all over again. “You know what turns me on?” she asked. “I mean really turns me on, makes my pussy dripping wet?”

I shook my head. I couldn’t even guess, but whatever the hell it was, I was going to do it.

“I mean,” she said, “I guess it seems a little weird. But I completely lose my shit when a guy dresses up like a girl.”

I had expected that, but it actually didn’t seem that bad, or even that weird in the grand scheme of things. I didn’t really want to dress up like a girl, but what I did wanted to was make Cindy lose her shit.

“Okay,” I said. “No problem.”

She smiled wide and reached down, lightly wrapping her fingers around the tip of my cock, pulling lightly away. Just one agonizing,

teasing stroke. I flinched at her touch, and she giggled.

“Great,” she said. “Well, you start shaving. I need to do a couple of things, and make a couple of phone calls. I’ll be back in a bit.”

I looked down at the razor, and then at the computer sitting on the desk. She said she ran a web cam service. I saw the eye of a web cam, clipped to the top of the monitor. The screen was dark, and I didn’t see any light on the camera, but still...

“Um,” I said, nodding at the cam. “That thing's not on, is it?”

She looked at it, then back at me. “Of course not. Now hurry the fuck up. We’ve got a long, fun day ahead of us.”

With that, she left me alone. The bucket was filled with cold, bubbly water that smelled like pine cleaner. I swished the razor in the water and began to shave my face.

The razor wasn’t exactly sharp, and I nicked myself several times just shaving my cheeks and jaw. I did my arms next, and was thankful that I didn’t have a lot of body hair, because I had to rake the razor across my skin several times in each place to get all the hair.

While I shaved myself, I heard Cindy in the other room, chatting excitedly on the phone. I couldn’t make out the words, but she was really keyed up.

About twenty minutes later, she came back into the room just as I was finishing up, shaving the last hair off my right ankle. I’d nicked myself at least a dozen times, and my skin felt cool and raw all over.

She was holding what looked like a tackle box in one hand, and a white paper shopping bag in the other. She looked me up and down.

“You did a pretty shitty job,” she said. “But it’ll have to do.” She set everything down, then knelt to open the case. It was make-up: mascara brushes, lipstick, and all sorts of little cases and tubes. She picked up what looked like an eyeliner pencil, and stood up.

“Now kneel down just a little,” she said. “To my height.”

I bent my knees about six inches, positioning my face just below hers. She reached out and grabbed my jaw with one hand, holding my face firm.

“Close your eyes,” she said. I did, and she began to draw on my eyelids. When she was done with that, the eye shadow was next. My thighs began to burn a little as I knelt slightly, holding the position. But when I tried to straighten up as she got a different kind of makeup, she yelled at me to crouch back down.

Cindy applied thick mascara my eyelashes, which were already naturally long for a man. Then she rubbed base all over my face, and brushed bright red blush on to my cheeks with a pad. The lipstick was last, a deep, whorish scarlet that she slathered onto my lips in thick coats.

“Not bad,” she said. “You’re starting to look fuckable.”

Then she closed the makeup case and turned to the bag, taking out a pair of earrings. They were long and dangly, with pink rhinestones. Thankfully, they were clip-ons. My ears weren’t pierced. I felt the pinch on each lobe as she clipped them on, and they jingled a little as I turned my head, feeling their weight.

Next, she pulled a blonde wig out of the bag. “Bend down,” she said. I leaned forward, and she slipped the wig over my head. After I stood up, she straightened it. The synthetic blonde curls tickled my shoulders and neck. I was starting to feel like a girl, and it was arousing in a way I didn’t think was possible.

I didn’t expect the next thing she pulled out of the bag, what looked like a tiny cylindrical stainless steel cage.

“Okay,” she said, “here’s the deal. I’m gonna lock your little dick up. It gets me super hot knowing you can’t do anything, you can even touch yourself. But if things go really well, and you’re a good little girl, later on I’ll let you out. And because you’re caged up all that time, when you finally come it will be fucking amazing. Okay?”

I wasn’t sure about this. For one thing, my cock was as hard as granite. I had imagined that after playing dress-up we would go to the bedroom, and then the real fun would start. But she wanted to draw this out in a big, long tease. That sounded pretty exciting in a

way, though I had to admit I was a little disappointed. Still, I nodded my head.

“Good,” she said, looking down at the bucket of water. “We need to get rid of that nasty hard-on. Go ahead and squat, and submerge your junk in the water until you get soft.”

I wasn't sure I was going to be able to get soft, but I squatted over the bucket and dipped my cock and balls in the water, hissing at the coldness.

“Don't be such a baby,” she said, as my boner began to wilt. After a couple of minutes, she snapped her fingers and motioned for me to rise. My dick wasn't completely soft, but mostly. It threatened to stiffen all over again as she cupped my balls in one hand and began to slide cage on with the other.

She jammed it on quickly and forcefully, bending my semi-stiff cock into the curve of the cage. She clicked the ring shut around the base of my balls, then hooked a little padlock through a hole there and snapped it shut with a click. She looked up at me with those gorgeous eyes, batted her eyelashes at me, and gave my locked cock a little pat.

“Much better,” she said. “You have no idea how hot that makes me.” And then to prove her point, before standing up she reached down between her legs with one hand, closed her eyes, and made a swiping motion. She stood up and raised her middle finger in front of my face. It was glistening with wetness.

“Open up,” she said. “Baby girl gets a little treat.”

I opened my mouth, feeling the heavy lipstick make my lips stick together a little as I opened them. She slid her finger past my lips, and I closed my mouth around it, tasting her tart, dusky juice and sucking it clean.

“Thank you,” I said.

“Oh,” she said, “there's a lot more where that came from.” She winked at me.

My cock was starting to get stiff again, or at least trying to, painfully straining at the cage. But I wanted to make her happy, and I'd do anything. Hell, I'd just quit my job.

“Now it’s time for your outfit,” she said, reaching back into the bag. She pulled out a skimpy top covered with pink sequins and held it up over my chest. “Yeah, this will do. Hands up.”

I raised my hands in the air, and she dropped the top down onto me. It was loose in the chest, but she immediately had an answer for that. Cindy produce two soft, foam breasts from the bag, and tucked them into the front of my sparkling blouse. She adjusted them, and they didn’t look too bad.

Next she pulled out a jean skirt, and had me squeeze into it. And I do mean squeeze. The skirt was very tight. Finally, she pulled a pair of sequined high heels out of the bag.

“These are probably too small,” she said. “But tough shit. Women wear clothes that don’t fit all the time to please men. Now it’s your turn.”

She put them on the ground and pointed at me to step in them. They were definitely too small. My toes squeezed together as they pushed into the front of each shoe. But once I was in, she ordered me to fasten the little buckles on each. I wobbled to keep my balance as I stood before her.

She looked me up and down once again and let out a low whistle. “Hot damn, girl,” she said. “You’re looking pretty sweet. This is making me so hot, I might have to take a break and—”

Just then the doorbell rang. Cindy’s eyes widened.

“Well who could that be?” she said in mock surprise.

I started to get a little nervous. I thought this was just going to be between the two of us.

“Hold on,” she said. “Be right back.”

I stood there, shifting back and forth on my feet, trying to keep my balance and hoping the pain would subside a little. Instead it got worse.

I heard the front door open, and Cindy let out a squeal, followed by the sound of another person with a deep voice. The front door closed, and the footsteps traveled back down the hall towards me.

Cindy walked back into the room first, and following her was one of the biggest black men I've ever seen. He wore a pair of scuffed jeans, and a white T-shirt. He was ripped, his arms and chest threatening to split the shirt open. He was bald, with large browned expressive eyes, a square jaw, and a light goatee.

"This is Buster," Cindy said, waving her hands in front of the man like one of the girls on the Price is Right. "Buster, this is..." She paused, rolling her eyes up a little and thinking. Then she clapped her hands together. "Nell!"

"Hey there," the big man said in a deep baritone. He gave me a little smile.

When I didn't answer right away, Cindy stepped behind me and gave me a smack on the back of the head. "Don't be rude, Nell. Tell him at hello. In fact, give him a little curtsy."

"Hello," I said.

"You look like a bitch," Cindy said. "But you don't sound like one. Say hello again, and this time sound like the little sissy bitch you are."

I raise my voice, trying to sound like a little girl. "Hello, Buster," I said, putting my head down and trying to curtsy. But I stumbled, catching myself at the last minute before I fell face first on the floor.

They both laughed.

"That's better," Cindy said. I was terrified at what was going to happen next. Why had she brought this man over? I was about to find out.

"You said you do anything, right?" Cindy asked me. I was beginning to regret those words. But I had told her I would do anything, and I meant it.

"Yes, Cindy," I said, in my light, girly voice.

"Excellent," she said. "Then I'm going to watch while you give Buster here a big sloppy blow job."

She must've seen the dread on my face, because she laughed even harder. "That's right, bitch," she said. "On your knees."

My stomach rolled as I lowered myself to the floor. I felt like throwing up. I'd never done anything gay before. But Cindy had a

grip on me now. Actually, she had had a grip on me for a long, long time.

Buster stepped forward, and I could smell him. He must have worked outside, construction, or maybe lawn work. Because his powerful, sweaty odor filled my nostrils. He reached up to unbuckle his belt, but Cindy laid a soft hand on his.

“No, no, no,” she said. “You’re my guest here. You don’t lift a finger. The little bitch here will do all the work.” Then she nodded at me.

I scooted forward on the plastic tarp, and unlatched the buckle on Buster’s belt. I unbuttoned his jeans and slid the zipper down. He was wearing white briefs. I reached into them, feeling the moist heat as I curled my fingers around his thick meat. I pulled him free, and looked at the long, black cock staring me in the face.

Cindy was clearly excited. She stepped back into the corner of the room to watch.

I swallowed hard, trying to generate saliva. But my mouth suddenly felt dry. I leaned forward and kissed the meaty tip, tasting the salty, musky drop of pre-cum that had dribbled out. I thought I might gag, but I held the reflex at bay. I saw where I had left a dab of red lipstick on the tip of his cock.

“Don’t be shy, baby,” he said, putting his giant hand on the back of my head and pushing me forward.

I open my mouth wide and took him into it, his girth pushing the sides of my mouth wide, the head of his cock pushing to the back of my throat. My eyes flooded with tears, and I gagged, coughing. But he didn’t let me up. He just laughed, and held my head in place.

“Suck it, bitch,” he said, all the gentleness in his voice gone now.

I reached up with both hands, grabbing the base of his cock with one, and cupping his balls with the other. I massaged both as I slid my lips back down the shaft. He loosened up a little then and let me move my head back and forward. I started to suck his dick proper, still coughing and gagging a little as I did so.

As I sucked, and stroked the base, and fondled his warm, sweaty balls, he relaxed, closing his eyes and moaning.

“Lick his balls,” Cindy said from the corner.

If you had told me an hour ago that I would be kneeling on the floor in the home of my high school crush, giving a blow job to a big, black stranger, I would have told you you were crazy. And yet here I was, and the act itself was making me feel like a whore, turning me on even though my cock was locked in a cage, unable to get hard.

So like a good whore, I did what they told me. I slid my mouth from his cock, a thick rope of saliva trailing between it and my lower lip. Then I lowered my head, dropped my hand away, and ran my tongue all over his warm, salty balls.

Cindy laughed. “God damn,” she said. “I think we’ve got a bright, new talent here.”

I took his balls in my mouth one at a time, sucking them softly, and rolling them around.

“All right, bitch,” Buster said. “It feels good, but I need you to finish me off.”

I looked up at him with what I hoped were sexy eyes. “Yes, sir.”

Then I moved back in front of his cock, and took it back into my mouth, suckling it smooth and slow. I grabbed the base with both hands, and massaged as I pumped my lips back and forth along him. He put both his hands on the top of my head, resting them there as I began to move faster, bobbing my head like a frantic woodpecker.

His breathing picked up, and I could feel his body tensing. It wouldn’t be long now. And then he let out a deep cry, his body locking up, his leg shaking.

He pulled his cock out of my mouth, and grabbed himself, jerking it as a hot jet of white cum spurted on to my face, hitting me on the forehead and my right eye, which I closed just in time. He kept jerking, though, and jets of thick, ropey cream just kept spurting out, coating my face completely.

I closed my mouth, and for a moment or two, I couldn’t breathe. His cum had plugged up both my nostrils. So I had to open my mouth, his warm spunk dripping on the back of my throat as I gasped for air.

Buster stumbled backwards, and let out a heavy sigh. "Holy shit," he said. "That was good. I'm gonna have to come back for some more of that shit."

I reached up and wiped gobs of cum out of my eyes. I blinked away the rest. I saw him tucking his cock back in his pants, and zipping them up. I started to flick the cum off my fingers when Cindy stopped me.

"Oh no you don't," she said. "Waste not, want not. Lick those fingers clean. In fact, all that cum that's on your face needs to go in your belly."

Again, I would have thought this whole situation disgusting not long ago. But now, in the middle of it, I was in some weird, crazed, horny state. I licked the warm goo off my fingers, feeling more than ever like a sexy, sissy whore.

"You come back anytime," Cindy said to Buster, giving him a kiss on the cheek. And just like that, he left.

Cindy stood over me as I began to wipe my face with my hands, then lick the palms clean.

"You did real good," she said. Then she walked to the computer, and tapped a couple of keys. She turned back to me.

"I may have fibbed," she said. "Just a little bit."

I stopped licking. Oh no.

"That's right," she said. "Sissy Nell. You're my newest star."

The web cam was on after all. But when had it started streaming?

"We got it all," she said, as if reading my mind. "Your transformation, and that All-Star blow job."

Oh God. What if somebody I knew had seen that? My only consolation was that I didn't think I knew anybody who would be into tranny porn. But you never knew, right? Unfortunately, it got worse.

"Also," she said, "I kind of snuck your phone out of your pants when you took them off. And I kind of texted the link of the stream to everybody in your contact list."

Oh God. Oh no. "Please," I said. "Don't put that on the web."

"Oh, you don't understand. That all just went out live."

My heart sank.

"It wasn't, strictly speaking, legal," she said. "I mean, you're not registered with my service. But we just need to do a little paperwork. And settle on the contract."

"Contract?"

"Yeah," she said. "Man, that stream pulled in more viewers than anything else I've got going right now. You want to work for me, don't you?"

What was going on? I was so confused, and humiliated.

"I mean, you're not going to get a job doing anything else. I've already got a few responses from the stream. You want to hear them?"

He was beginning to hit me who all had seen what had just happened. My ex-wife, her father, my family, and all my friends.

"This is from your ex-wife," she said. She laughed. "I didn't even know a loser like you could get himself a wife. Anyway, she says she didn't realize how depraved you were. And there's lots of people saying they don't want to have anything to do with you anymore. Seems to me like you're in a pretty shitty place, Nell."

"Please," I said. But she was right. It was too late.

"I'm going to make you a one-time offer," she said. "You can actually move in with me, clean the house, do the laundry, and wash my car. And you do the shows for me, as often as I want. In return, you get a room and board. Take it or leave it."

My whole life had just shifted on a dime. In the span of an hour, I had just lost everything. Or had I? Cindy had put me in the spot, but she was also giving me an opportunity. And I felt like in some ways I had just awakened to a whole new me. I liked being dressed like a girl. I liked Cindy locking up my cock. And I liked giving that big black man a blow job, and taking his load right in my face.

I cleared my throat. "Yes."

"What was that?" she said, cupping her hand to her ear.

“Yes,” I said. “I’ll do it. I’ll be your sissy house whore.”

She smiled brightly. God, she was so beautiful.

“Great,” she said. “Let me show you where you’ll be sleeping.” She walked to the closet, and opened it. Inside was a large dog cage. “It’s more comfortable than it looks. Don’t worry, I’ll give you a ratty old blanket to lay on.”

Just then the doorbell rang again.

“Ooh,” she said. “I need to get the cam up and running again. Are you ready for your next scene?”

I was.

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